

The unexpected

by Chameleons

Category: H.I.V.E.

Language: English

Characters: Natalya/Raven

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-11-08 13:26:39

Updated: 2013-05-11 16:49:40

Packaged: 2016-04-26 13:02:51

Rating: M

Chapters: 5

Words: 4,480

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: This a fanfic about Raven and Nero and the unexpected things that happen. I have also resurrected a character from Raven's past ;) read to find out. Rated M to be safe.

1. Chapter 1

****This is bit different to all the other fanfics I've written but hopefully people will like it :) please review it makes my day! (plus I have no life so I will probs respond within about five minutes. okay, chow chow (soz weird Italian moment)****

Nero crawled, through the knee high water of the sewer, sucking in breaths of fetid air. He must have gone miles by now, he paused, resting for a moment. This was stupid doing this himself, he could have got much better trained people, he wasn't Raven. But Raven wasn't here Nero reminded himself, she was locked up somewhere in a dark room where people tortured her endlessly for secrets that she wouldn't say, that she would never say. Nero took deep breaths his head was spinning, he needed only to think of Raven to convince himself to keep going. He crawled another few metres before a clicking sound made him pause, as he glanced around for the source of the noise a small screen slid down from the low roof of the sewer to Nero's eye level. He stared at it puzzled then concerned, they knew he was here, suddenly the screen began to light up and it showed an image of a clear glass ball with a knife reflected in it before fading away.

"Hello Nero" said Anastasia Furan

Nero stared at the screen, unsure whether she could hear him or not,

"Oh don't worry I can hear you" she smiled "I can't see you though, putting camera's in the sewers is such an unnecessary expense" she tilted her head on one side "what with the millions of pounds worth of section equipment down there" Nero sighed, she'd known all along

that he was down here, she was just watching him suffer. "You see what this is, Nero" she said pulled a smooth sliver controller with a single button on it from her pocket, "this is a detonator" she examined it as though she was seeing it for the first time, "state of the art, cutting edge and rigged up to a small mine right under where you are." Nero tried scrambling away but her voice stopped him, "don't bother, there are mines all along here, I can blow you sky high before you make a move" Nero grudgingly came back before the screen. "Now that's better isn't it, don't worry though, I'm not going to kill you yet, I'm going to show something, you want to see your 'pet assassin' fine. But I will remind you that she and her skills belong to the Furans, ever since we plucked her off the streets of Moscow"

The screen cut away from Anastasia to another darker place, the screen was large and high resolution so Nero could see ever detail. Raven was bound tightly at the wrists with rope but she wasn't resisting, her arms were stretched out either side of her, involuntarily supporting the weight her legs could no longer hold. Her face was turned down but her hair was down past her shoulders and burnt in places, she wore the same clothes Nero had seen her in on the day of her capture only torn and dirtied beyond repair.

"Natalya" Nero whispered and moved up so his face was inches from the screen taking in every injury from her chaffed wrists to a nasty looking cut on her leg. As she began to move her head up Pietor Furan stepped in front of the camera, dominating the screen and blocking Nero's view of Raven.

"Your little assassin, Nero?" He chided "our little assassin, there wouldn't be any little assassin if it wasn't for me and Anastasia, she always was my greatest project."

"And what now" Nero spat, venom back within him inspired by Raven's state "your project failed, if you were true to your word you would destroy her, but no you keep her here and torture her"

"You still don't get it do you, Nero?" He shook his head "this is all for you, if we had her we knew you'd come after her, this was all planned to get you" Nero had nothing to say but felt as though he had been punched in the stomach as the truth hit him, he had caused this. Him. It made him want to break down but he had to remain strong, that's what they wanted, he could still save Raven. "Cat got your tongue" Pietor chanted evilly and snapped something in Russian at Raven before stepping away from the camera, Raven lifted her head, Nero was horrified, the long cut down her cheek was sliced open the blood fresh and streaming down her face. The worst thing wasn't the huge cut though, but the look in her eyes, he thought he had seen Raven's fear, he had been wrong.

"Natalya" Nero said again,

"Do you have anything you want to say to your little friend Nero" Pietor asked

"Natalya I can still help you" "we can get out of here" "oh god" "I'm so sorry" he started. The expression in her eyes was icy, more like what he had seen before, but it was different there was more resignation.

"It's too late to rescue me" she said looking straight at the camera "I'm already dead, I died all those years back at the glass house" Nero let himself fall backwards into the water, not moving even when his head was submerged, he watched his last bubbles of oxygen float up and felt happy in a strange way as he lost consciousness.

Did you like it? I guess it was bit dark but it will lighten up in the next update and there is a surprise :) please review it only takes thirty seconds.

2. Chapter 2

I have finally updated, I don't know why it took so long. I feel like a bad person...Please review!

Nero woke up gasping for air, fists grasping his pillow when he realised it was a dream, he sighed and rolled over. He had been having dreams like that ever since Natalya had left him a month ago now...

Raven was packing her bags and was dressed in a pair of jeans and a thin grey jumper instead of her usual black jumpsuit and katanas. Nero entered the room and watched her from behind,

"I know your there Nero" she said as she tried to cram the last few items into the old kitbag,

"Why are you leaving me like this, what have I done?" He asked

"You still don't understand do you" said Raven turning to face him with a sad smile "and that is why I have to leave, because you will never understand."

Nero adopted a stronger tone, "you can't go, I won't let you, I have guards andâ€" her evil smile cut him off,

"If you do not let me go I will cut to pieces every student, guard or teacher who stands in my way" Nero scrutinised her face as he had learned to do, looking for the tiny signs that she was bluffing. She was not bluffing.

"Please, Natalya whatever I have done I can make things betterâ€"just pleaseâ€" Raven started walking from the room briskly and he tagged along beside her pleading, only she could reduce him to being like this. As she walked into the launch crater she turned to face Nero.

"I will take a shroud and pilot it myself, then I will set the auto pilot back to H.I.V.E.. If you place any kind of destructive device inside the shroud or chose to have it followed I will come back to H.I.V.E and deal with you as I see fit." Nero had nothing to say, he just gulped. Nero watched in wonder and the shroud lifted off into the circle of light hundreds of metres up until it was hidden by smoke. As the downdraft from the shroud blew his hair out of its gelled perfection he realised this would be his last memory of her. But as she had said, there was nothing she could do so he turned around and headed back to his quarters.

Nero groaned and rolled over, why did he care so much about her, she was only another person he employed. But she had been more than that hadn't she Nero, a niggling voice in the back of his head told him. It was funny, he never really appreciated her until she was gone, maybe that's what she meant, maybe she would come back now! Nero quashed the thought, it would never happen, he knew her well enough to see the look in her eyes, she wasn't coming back. He wondered where she was now, probably employed by someone else, for a higher price...

3. Chapter 3

****Two updates in the same day, yay! I love the Christmas holidays. Review please! The plan is never set in stone so advice and contributions are welcome.****

Raven was sitting on the sofa in the dingy living room staring at the tv but her eyes kept blurring when she tried to watch so she turned it off. Dimitri came through the door holding two steaming mugs,

"What's up, Natalya" he said in Russian,

"It's nothing it's just I still haven't got used to it yet"

"I know" there was silence for a few seconds. Raven turned to face him and smiled "it's so much better this way" Dimitri handed Raven the mug and she wrapped her chilled fingers around it letting the steam heat her face. She sipped the hot liquid and smiled as Dimitri came to sit beside her pressing his lips to her head reminding her no matter where she was they were together. She remembered the day she had first seen him again, a few years back now, the memories were tinged and dreamlike yet still real, it still happened...

Raven watched as Nero walked out of the G.L.O.V.E safe house. She jumped down silently from her vantage point on the roof and hit the ground pivoting slowly looking for threats. Suddenly a figure wearing a white lab coat burst through the revolving doors in a puffed run, Raven scrutinised his face but it was little more than a blob from here. The man ran up to Nero,

"Doctor Nero you forgot..." He wheezed and pulled a piece of paper from his white overcoat. As he started to hand the paper to Nero she saw a flash of metal, she saw it as if in slow motion. The man pulled the gun from his pocket with his right hand then tossed it over to his left fumbling with his little finger ever so slightly, all this happened in a fraction of a second. Raven knew she should run at the man she could easily reach him in time but her legs felt like huge boulders, she was rooted to the ground. There was only one person who wielded a gun like that, she had seen in many times. The world was still as her mind reeled her blood pounded round her body at twice the usual pace. She could never reach them now she had left it too long. Instinctively she pulled a stun grenade from her tactical harness and lobbed it between the two men. The concussive force blew them apart then everything went white.

Many years earlier...

"Nooooo!" Natalya screamed, standing up and watching powerlessly as

Anastasia Furan's head turned slowly towards her. The woman stared at Natalya, looking her straight in the eye as she pulled the trigger.

Anastasia Furan watched as Natalya sunk down out of view. Without a word she nodded to her brother and he scooped up Dimitri's body,

"Keep quiet" Pietor Furan hissed into Dimitri's ear. Dimitri was carried down into a dark place his body was jolted on each step but behind his eye lids the most important thing was that he was alive. Suddenly they were out of the dark and into a room full of sterile white light. Dimitri looked around in wonder, the place was bustling with scientists conducting tests and experiments, stretching as far as the eye could see. He had never seen any thing like it. Then he was dropped roughly onto a metal table, he reached his hand to touch his chest swirling his hand in the red sticky substance...that wasn't blood. Not his blood anyway, Dimitri shuddered at the thought. There were people with masks on their mouths surrounding him now one was holding a needle. He didn't like needles. Dimitri started to protest but found that something was weakening his muscles and Pietor Furan held him down as they jabbed it an inch into his arm. Then everything went black.

Someone snapped a capsule under Dimitri's nose and he sat up sharply, what ever gas he had just inhaled had induced a slight burn. He was in what looked like an operating theatre with some ominous looking implements and a sheet of black glass along one wall. 'Let me see' he tried to say pointing at the glass but no sound came out,

"Let me see" he tried again with more success. He was surprised when the scientist looming over him nodded and pushed a button on her wrist. The blackness of the glass dissolved into an ordinary transparent finish. Staring right at him was Anastasia Furan. Dimitri was angry he wanted to know why he was taken here, he wanted answers. He tried to get up but found he could not because he was restrained by plastic straps. He tried to break free, he had snapped much stronger bindings than these in training but found he could not.

"Why?" He said to himself confused. Anastasia stepped right up to the glass then walked through it, Dimitri gasped.

"Your muscles were weakened when I shot you." She said calmly inspecting her hands, "the bullet contained a dart laced with a drug that enters the muscle fibres and..." She thought for a minute, "does a little bit of damage". She creepy thing was that she was smiling,

"Why didn't you kill me" he hissed,

"You are part of a new initiative...a way of dealing with those who need to be punished in a less wasteful way".

"What do you mean?" Asked Dimitri starting to feel a little scared,

"You will be removed from the glass house and redeployed somewhere less prestigious"

"Redeployed whereâ€"where are Natalya and Tolya what have you done with them?"

"Finally" said Anastasia rolling her eyes, "he remembers his friends. I forgot to mention the dart also weakens your emotions and memory"

"Where am I going?" Dimitri was properly scared now, the glasshouse might have been a terrible place but it was all he knew.

"The Afterbite division. Good bye Dimitri I will probably never see you again." Dimitri felt something sharp then nothing.

4. Chapter 4

****I have to say I am guilty. WARNING:if you can not handle slight (understatement) cheesiness reading this might not be a good idea. However hopefully it won't be too bad as I am not into romance and mushy stuff, (I am never watching the titanic again. Ever.) so that might help. Okay here we go...please review! ****

Raven had no idea where she was going no plans no nothing, only a shroud with enough fuel to take her anything in the world. There was one thing she wanted, if he was alive she would find him again and god forbid anyone who might try and get in her way. She remembered that moment so clearly, when the bullet impacted his chest, his blood pooling on the ground. The moment her world imploded. The moment that had made her what she was now. The feeling that all those moments they had had together had been deleted gone...

Natalya sat by the window in the glass house dormitory, it was heavily barred but large it was one of the only places you could see outside. You could see miles and miles of slowly forest, stretching beyond the horizon into oblivion. She had once overheard Anastasia telling Pietor that the large windows were put in to show the futility of escape but for whatever the reason, Natalya was glad. Suddenly she felt a warm hand on her shoulder, it was Dimitri.

"Hello" she said and budged up along the window ledge so her grey trousered legs were pressed up to the cold window pane. He slid down beside her,

"I've never been here at this time" he said slipping his hand round her waist, and looking at the golden dawn that was starting to illuminate the tips of the trees in the distance.

"Well most people would say it was wasting good sleep." Natalya replied not looking away from the view.

"I wouldn't say that". They stayed in silence for a minute or so appreciating the quiet and each others company.

"You know I always think" said Natalya looking at Dimitri, "that if one day I got out I could go there, be part of the view"

"Until your feet freeze off" said Dimitri,

"Your a bundle of laughs today aren't you" said Natalya with a smile

and then continued, "and then I think what if we never get out and we grow up here and get sent off killing people"

"Of course not" said Dimitri, "the moment we get out of here we'll be off, they'll won't be able to stop us, we can go anywhereâ€"

"â€"Right up until Anastasia catches up with us" Natalya finished, "which is why I think we should start making a our decisions now. We're at the age now, we could get pulled out for a mission at any point and there's no saying we'll ever come back."

"I don't thinkâ€" Dimitri started,

"â€"don't think what, Dimitri, don't you see what I mean" her eyes were sparkling with tears. "Oh god I didn't mean..."

"No it's okay" he soothed pushing her hair back from her eyes with his hands. "Do you want me to get you anythingâ€". Natalya wrapped her arms around his neck, her mouth was inches from his ear, her voice was thick with the weight of tears as she whispered,

"Do you understand what I mean now?" Then they kissed.

5. Chapter 5

Sorry there was so long between updates, because, as I have said on other fics, I got a massive case of WB. Anyway here's another update, please review it makes my day!

Raven was shocked back into wakefulness her hands tightening on the control yoke, convinced the shroud would be spiralling out of the air. Sometimes Raven was so glad for technology, the autopilot was keeping her stationary. The question still stood though, where should she go, where should she start. Raven smiled slightly to herself, she should go to where it all started, in Russia.

* * *

><p>Dimitri woke again in a cell like looking room. He was lying in a bed with a thin mattress on a rusting iron bedstead. The four walls that surrounded him were pale grey and punctuated by nothing except for a sturdy looking steel door. He sat up sharply and then slid out of bed, he was wearing what looked like the glasshouse uniform but from years of wearing it Dimitri could tell it was not. He inspected the crest on his chest it was a picture of a glass ball with little cracks running through it, beneath it read the words, '947 Afterbite division'. He tried the door, locked obviously, he took a run up and kicked it hard and as his leg made contact with the door he felt a tiny shock which made his leg go into a spasm. He fell to the floor and looked up at the door, he hadn't even made a scratch, his foot hurt a lot though. Dimitri slipped off his boot and inspected his foot, probably sprained, no lasting damage. He pulled his boot back on and laced it up tightly before trying again. The door still didn't budge. After a while he was reduced to lying on the bed thinking about his smarting feet. Then the door buzzed, Dimitri flew off the bed and backed up until his back was touching the wall,<p>

"Whose there" he inquired cautiously. Suddenly there was a hiss of

decompression and the door slid open revealing a man wearing the uniform of a guard and cradling an ominous looking Kalashnikov.

"Come with me" the guard told him. Dimitri assessed his situation, he could try and attack the guard, he might even be able to overpower him but something told him the Furans hadn't made it that easy for him. He decided to follow the guard if he tried to remain here they might just lock the door and leave him here to rot.

"Wrists" the guard commanded as Dimitri stepped out of his grey prison. Dimitri offered his wrists and watched carefully as the guard snapped a pair of chunky looking handcuffs round them, see if there was any way he could undo them. The wasn't a key however the cuffs just made an electronic sounding beep before sealing as though they had never had a crack at all.

"In front" told him with a jerk of his Kalashnikov. Dimitri walked through a maze of corridors directed only with a prod in the back from the gun, he had no doubt the guard was watching him carefully. Finally they reached a door and the guard scanned his palm on a black piece of glass mounted on the wall beside it before shoving Dimitri through it.

"Prepare for testing" the guard called out to him before shutting the door with a heavy metallic clunk plunging the space around Dimitri into darkness. Dimitri immediately shut his eyes tightly, like he had been taught to do, keeping them shut until he had regained some night vision. Everything was still a mass of blackness but when he strained his eyes he could make out faint outlines. Suddenly one of these shapes started to move towards him and he backed off instinctively raising his fists into a fighting stance. The shadow became lighter moving through a full scale of greys until features became visible,

"Natalya?" He asked the pale figure. She stared right through him as though he wasn't there, "Natalya why are you here" "did you try to escape too" "where's To" " but then he broke off, she still hadn't noticed he was there. He reached up with his hand to touch her face but his fingers met nothing as they passed through her features, hologram. Suddenly there was a sound of footsteps behind him then something hissing, he began to feel sleepy and he dropped down onto his knees.

"Where are you Natalya?" He managed to say before he lost consciousness.

* * *

><p>The shroud descended into the snowy trees and Raven manoeuvred carefully not wanting to disturb the snow covered branches that might alert her presence. The shroud touched down with little more than a gentle thud and Raven slid back the door. The scene that stood before her evoked a wave of nostalgia through her and she stepped into ankle deep snow. She used a controller to close the shroud and enable the thermoptic camouflage. She set off at a brisk walk, a run might make too much noise. She wasn't sure if there was anything here now, for all she knew it could be a thriving military base.<p>

After a few minutes she reached the blackened ruins of the place that

had been her prison for her childhood. Raven vaulted a large rock and had too rub off ash from her fingers, being in this place still sent a chill through her. As she picked her way through what had been the courtyard she saw a hole she hadn't seen before. She peered down into the hole and found there was a set of steps cut into the rock. Raven frowned her mental mapping of the glasshouse was clearer than almost any other place but she found no place for this. She walked down metres of steps until the darkness was almost complete, she pulled a glowstick from her tactical harness and shook it up to release it's erie green glow.

Finally she reached the bottom, half feeling half seeing her way along the tight corridor. Suddenly her hands felt the solid frame of a door and she walked inside. Her fingers hit something small and metal on the wall, a toggle switch, she flicked it on and illuminated banks and banks of lights stretching as far as the eye could see. It looked like some sort of research centre, she strode through the room, equipment of all types, weaponry development and even beds. Raven needed answers. She picked a computer from the hundreds that sat beside each experiment and booted it up praying that it would still work and the data had not been deleted.

When it had loaded she scanned the documents and opened a few. There were pages of reports and observations mostly in drug development, still not what she was looking for. Raven plugged her blackbox into the computer and quickly loaded all the data from it onto the PDA. Just when she was about to switch off the computer she had a thought, there must be some database of all the old glasshouse children. Raven flicked through the databases until she found the one she was looking for, 'full records' she clicked on it but a lock icon flashed up on the screen and came up with a box to input the password. It struck her as odd that the computer hadn't had any sort of deterrent system to turn it on or access any of the other documents but perhaps this was the only one that mattered.

Raven knew she was no hacker but she had spent many years of her life inside this organisation and she knew that all the computers would have a default password. She thought for a minute and she knew what password the Furans would have chosen, she imputed it into the box. 'Password incorrect' Raven tried again using different variations of capitals and numbers. After a couple of tries she got it and the database loaded, she smiled slightly to herself. When it had loaded she keyed Dimitri's name into the search field. The computer came up with the old fashioned sand timer loading icon and Raven leaned forward, eager but also slightly apprehensive of what she would find.

Seeing his face brought back a rush of memories, even though it was only a picture. Taking a deep breath she clicked on the file. It read:

Dimitri Ivazov

The Glasshouse:

Dates - CLASSIFIED -

Transferral to Afterbite Division 947 after attempted escape.

-RECORD DISCONTINUED-

End
file.